

Waiting

by Madolan

Category: Matrix

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-06-30 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-06-30 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:13:57

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 721

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Post-movie fic... Neo may be the One, but what sort of shape is the crew left in?

Waiting

Waiting

By Madolan

Heroics were harder outside of the Matrix, and courage seemed more distant without the trixside residual self-image. There was no one to run from now, certainly no one to fight. Which was the problem. In the crumpled shell of burnt-out electrical systems, there was nothing to do but wait.

Four survivors prowled the blasted decks, speaking in progressively hushed tones as shock set in. Earlier, there had been jubilant moments. Hugs and grins shared equal time with the pensive frowns. There were victories to be celebrated, victories of the body, mind, and spirit. Untouchable truths surged through them, igniting a joy that ran deeper than they could express in words.

It was the waiting that did it. Had there been something to do, something to focus on, they could have held onto the triumph for a little while longer.

Four bodies lay to the side of the main deck. Hastily but reverentially covered, they were the focus of many a furtive glance. Occasionally, someone's smile would drop, their head would turn slightly toward the figures lying still and cold under blankets, and the other survivors would turn away in respect. Without online systems and Matrix jacks, their victories were intangible- but the bodies were painfully tangible reminders of victory's cost. Four people had lived, breathed, laughed, and fought, hoping they would bring about the most glorious revolution humanity could imagine. Those lives ended for the cause, but not one person on deck could restrain a sense of guilt for living when the others did not.

One more body lay somewhere below deck, near the starboard exhaust. Beyond a cursory check to ensure location and death no one had bothered to move it to lie with the others. Feelings were still too raw for forgiveness.

The ship was quiet. The survivors settled among scraps of twisted metal and broken instrument panels, twisting themselves into comfortable positions for an uneasy sleep. The EMP blast had knocked the ship offline, and there was nothing to do but wait for a scavenging ship to take them in. Four pairs of eyes stared at the darkness, waiting for rest.

She stared impassively at the hull, the usual compassion in her eyes muted. There was nothing quite like the sense of failure that a commander feels when soldiers under her command are killed. The helplessness, the rage, and the fury at her own inability to stop the slaughter kept her uncomfortably awake. There really had been nothing she could have done. No way to stop it. She had directed her grief and fury into action, as her mentor had taught her, and she knew she had acquitted herself admirably in the rescue mission. Logically, her friends' deaths had been avenged as well as they could. Was it comfort, then, or helplessness she felt, knowing that hers had been the last face Switch and Apoc had seen as they died? Her eyes cutting slightly to one side, she saw another restless sleeper. He lay close enough to comfort her but not close enough to intrude upon her grief or personal boundaries. In the hours after the EMP blast, when mourning and victory had mingled in a crazy celebration of sorts, his lips had been a fascinating distraction when pain threatened to overwhelm her. She knew she embodied the same bright shelter for him. Death had lost that particular battle. He was not only her hope, but the hope of an entire race. He was the weapon. The One. She had a private reason to celebrate this victory, as well. He was more than a savior to her. In her eyes, he wasn't merely the chosen one of prophecy; he was the man she cared for. That extra reason, that bit of additional strength, would pull her through the dark hours of waiting. Her eyes swept once more across the burned-out husk of the ship she'd loved. This time, she was able to close her eyes without shuddering.

She slept.

***** Prerequisite disclaimer: Not my characters. Not my world. I'm just babysitting.

Feedback: amgreene@students.wisc.edu

Archiving: Certainly, just drop me a line so I can bookmark you.

Plea: MORE MATRIX FANFIC! It's a rich world... write about it!

End
file.